

The Crow's Wings A Poem

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The Crow's Wings

Mighty once the Crow did soar
Just spread its wings to catch the drift
Flying to mountains or to the shore
Its wings were its greatest gift.
But the Crow now stands on land
Never to swoop and leap in air
Crow needs flight, was its demand
To soar and drift without a care.
It's curse shall be its shattered wings
Torn and cut from brutal teachings
Its glory call, turned to meek uttering
No one cares for what Crow is reaching.
The Earth trembles, then Crow falls
Into a gaping, blackened pit

Walking down many-doorwayed halls
Its gentleness gone, and anger lit.
Ever shall Crow stand on ground, not flight
Unknown its destination
To fight for justice, or just to fight
In a war that leads to devastation.
Trained and taught to rip and kill
Heart thrumming within its ears
Taking lives against own will
Unleashing its every known fear.
Should this Crow ever soar high
Into the clouds, soft like a feather
Or must it drown, fall and die
And will it be for the better?
Powers of Sage corrupt its mind
Turned gentle soul into a beast
A worthless past is left behind
Kills don't bother it in the least.
You start to think that there's no hope
The Crow shall never fly again
Crow is hanging from a frayed rope
Start to believe that it's Crow's end.
But then a draft shall pull in through
Surprising all with what it brings
The Crow's savior, to teach anew
And to heal Crow's shattered wings.

End
file.